

Pictures speaks volumes

by Robotech

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Summary: What if Astrid wants to know more about Hiccup without asking anyone else? Not even Hiccup? Why, just read his journals. What will she find? Will she find more than she bargained for?

Pictures speaks volumes

Pictures speak louder than words

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(Hey guys! So I wanted to at least have one complete story before going to basic training come July 9**th****. So I won't be able to update any of my other stories for a while, but I encourage you guys to still read them and tell me what you think so when I get back I can finish them all up for you. Enjoy this little one-shot I came up with.)**

Astrid is currently snooping around Hiccup's oddly small room while he's away searching for a missing Gronkle. For being a chief's son his room was considerably small, even smaller than hers. Then again, Hiccup's always been different than the rest. As she gazed around the dimly lit room, she could make out his small bed with a small night table next to it. She looked at the window she had just came in from to see his work desk with scattered designs all across it. She walked over to his desk to see what else he had scribbled down. Ever since Hiccup had captured her heart on that first romantic flight she's wanted to see who Hiccup really was and get to know him more. She practically knew nothing about him and since he's busy, this was her chance to find out what he likes and hopefully be a legitimate couple instead of dancing around the idea. Not to mention she wanted to know what he thought about her.

"Now if I was Hiccup, where would I keep a writing journal?" She muttered to herself as she browses through his desk draws.

She stumbled upon sketches of inventions, dragons, scales, notes, weaponry measurments, and sketchs of Toothless. She checked the next draw and found only pencils and ink bottles within it.

"Ugh! Wear could it be? I know he keeps journals but where would he place them?" she says in aggrevation.

She never was a patient type of person like Hiccup. She was like every other Viking on the island. Attack first, ask questions later. Not Hiccup though, no, he was clever and quick thinking. He isâ€|.differentâ€|.

"Differentâ€|. That's it!" She exclaims. She turns to his bed and lifts it up finding a sketch pad and three different journals.

Each journal was a different color and looked older than the other. The green journal looked the oldest with the date showing five years ago to this day. Next was a red journal that was the second oldest that was dated three years ago to this day. The last one was more recent and was the color of blue. Its date is last month to this day.

She opened the oldest book first to read what twelve year old Hiccup wrote about before he had befriended Toothless. As she read her hands tightened on the book after each page she read. Anger and guilt started building up inside her as a tear falls from her cheek onto the last page of the journal. She stares at the page rereading everything that he wrote.

Dear journal,

I can't take this life anymore. I have failed at everything I have done to try and help my father and the tribe of the hairy hooligans. I got my daily beating from Snotlout, Tuffnut, and Ruffnutâ€|.again. Astrid had stood there just watching as usualâ€|without interest of what was happening as she focused on sharpening her axe. Fishlegs was trying once again to convince them to stop with yet again failed attempts. Why do I keep living this life? I feel like I should just end my lifeâ€| no one would care or noticeâ€| maybe dad will finally be able to be happyâ€| sigh who am I kidding I live because I want to live long enough to see Astrid be happy with whoever she chooses to be withâ€| she's worth living forâ€| Another Dragon raid is happeningâ€| I'll be buying a new journal when trader john comes in next weekâ€|.here's hoping I live long enough.

Signed, Hiccup

Astrid felt horrible after reading that. She wished now more than ever to go back and fix her mistakes but knew it was impossible to do. She had learned nothing about what Hiccup liked, only that he grew up with a terrible childhood and that she assisted in making it horrible. All because of her damn pride. She looked at the next journal with hesitation. Did she really want to know what he had written a week later?

"â€|.It's too late to turn back nowâ€|." She says to herself as she picks up the red journal.

She starts reading and checking the dates, noticing that the day he

lost his leg was approaching soon. She couldn't help but smile at his writing and how he truly got happier and happier after meeting Toothless. She noticed her name here and there about how she was starting to notice him but was angry instead of impressed. One line made her laugh though, as Hiccup tried to figure out why she was angry with him. _Maybe because I'm acting a lot like Snotlout? _She chuckled some more at how close he was to being right. That was another reason why she liked him. Hiccup had a funny sense of humor that only she seemed to understand.

She read more of the journal but one page caught her eye. The day she and Hiccup went on their first romantic flight. She had to see what he thought of that flight.

Dear journal,

Tonight was justâ€|it was undescribableâ€| Astrid had found me with Toothless and our secret was almost revealed. We stopped her, well kidnapped her is what she had said, and showed her what I have seen. At first I had a bit of trouble thanks to Toothless, Thank for nothing you useless dragon. Anyways the flight was just as amazing as my first one, but with Astrid there with meâ€|itâ€|. It just felt better than before. I was sharing something that no one else knew about with the girl of my dreams. When I glanced at her briefly I never thought her name could have fitted her more beautifully at that moment. With the sunset on her back she truly was a "Divine Beauty". She even hugged me when we were flying! What made this night special was when she had kissed my cheek. Kissed! Can you believe it?! Even though It was on my cheek it sent a pleasant shock through my body. Thank thor that my blush was hidden due to the night. An thank you Odin, for answering my prayer.

Signed, Hiccup

Astrid could only sigh at the memory before turning to the last page finding that it was the next morning's entry about what he planned to do with the nightmare and then nothing. She looked to his last journal as she layed it back down. She stared at the last journal before shaking her head.

"The last journal helped a little bit but neither of them have told me anything about Hiccup. Only his life story, which is great in somewaysâ€|. I have to apologize to him about the pastâ€| he really deserves better than me.." She says sadley before getting up but accidentally knocking over Hiccup's sketch book.

As she bends over to pick it up, she notices the letters across the cover of it. "Divine Beauty". Astrid blinks slowly before sitting back down holding the Sketch book with tender hands. She opens up the page to see an ok drawing of her with her axe. She looks at the bottom of the page and see's that the date was when he was only ten years old.

"He drew this at only ten? This is about how well I can draw when I'm angry. I wonderâ€|" She says before flipping to the next page.

On the next page it's her with the gang all getting their weapons tested with more detail than the last. Each page was of her with more and more detail added in as he grew older. When he was thirteen his drawings soon showed more of her womanly curves but always had her

trusted axe and a face full of concentration in her armor. Each little detail in every one of his pictures revealed to her what he saw when he looked at her. She was smiling at every picture she saw. As she was nearing the end, every picture of her looked more and more life like. She could see her own eyes reflecting the sun and the stars. The second to last picture he had drawn was of her standing on Raven point looking out to the sea with the sunset in the background. The light creating a luminescent glow around her body making her hair glow and her eyes shine brighter.

Astrid could only smile at the beautiful drawing of what she could only guess was how she is seen by Hiccup. "Oh Hiccup!" She said before turning to the next page and her eyes growing wide. There at the bottom of the page was the current date and on the page was her dressed in a beautiful wedding gown with her arms wrapped around Hiccup's arm. He was dressed in a traditional Viking groom outfit. She could only cry in joy at what this picture meant.

Suddenly Hiccup's bedroom door opens and in comes an exhausted Hiccup. When he notices a lit candle in his room he looks over to see a tear streaked face of Astrid.

"Astrid what are you-" Hiccup stops short when he notices his journals out and that Astrid was holding his sketch book.

"Oh no! Astrid I can explain.." Hiccup starts but is cut off by Astrid standing up with her head down concealing her eyes behind her blond hair. She walks over to Hiccup and punches his arm. He flinches and rubs the spot he got hit.

"That was for drawing pictures of me when I wasn't looking all these years." She says. Hiccup gulps and is about to apologize before Astrid wraps her arms around Hiccup kissing him deeply surprising Hiccup.

"and what was that for?" Hiccup asks dazed.

Astrid smiles and nuzzles her head into his chest. "That is because I love you." There. She said it. This was it.

Hiccup's expression went from dazed to shock then to the biggest gapped toothed grin she's ever seen him have. "I love you too Astrid!" I always have."

"Hiccup? That last drawing in the sketch book! I think that it is the most realistic drawing in there." Astrid said with a small smile.

"Why's that?"

"Because I hope that one day we do get married."

That night it was decided that they were more than a couple. They were destined to be together. Astrid may not have found anything out about what Hiccup likes, but that one picture he had drawn revealed everything that was important about Hiccup without a single word having to be said.

End

file.